

John Coyle

(- 29 Sep 1831)

Coyle. Last evening, at 6 o'clock in the 67th year of his age, Capt. John Coyle, one of the oldest and most respectable inhabitants of this City. His friends are requested to attend his funeral, without further invitation, from his late residence on Capitol Hill, on Saturday afternoon, at half past 3 o'clock.

The National Intelligencer,

Obituary

We should do injustice to the community, as well as to the memory of a most excellent and valued man, if we took but the ordinary notice of the recent decease of Captain John Coyle, who on the 29th September closed a life of exemplary piety and usefulness, by a death of serene triumph and joyful hope. His illness, which lasted but nine days, was severe as it was rapid, breaking down the force of a fine constitution, which through more than sixty-six years had been preserved by habits of temperance in living, vigorous exercise, and regular employment, combined with a mind of great equanimity and cheerfulness. For the last thirty years he has resided in this city, respected by all who knew his character, beloved by all who had the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with him. In the midst of ripe and healthful age, on the day previous to the attack of his final and fatal sickness, he formed one of a mournful procession which paid its last heartfelt tribute to the mortal remains of a sister in Christ (Mrs. Blagden), whose gentle but triumphant spirit had been dismissed to its rest in Heaven. Endeared as she was to the family of the deceased, there seemed a kind of holy, providential connection between the times of their departure to the bliss and companionship of the saints in glory. In death they were scarcely divided, as to time; as to place, not at all; for the same solemn vault spreads its silent protection over the brother and sister who sweetly "sleep in Jesus." He was a useful citizen, a kind and charitable neighbor, whose bounty blessed the poor, whose assiduity's cheered and relieved the sick, and raised up the distressed. The heart that was riven with affliction sprang with joy and gratitude under the influence of his benevolent visits. He was a husband, such as the bereaved widow who mourns his death, only can know; a father, such as his afflicted children only can tell, who remember with deep but grateful grief, the parental tenderness which no longer exercised upon the fond circle at home, is merged in the love of God in Heaven. If, as a man, he possessed that integrity, which is the brightest gem of the moral character; as a Christian he possessed that higher excellence, which is of great price in the sight of God. By this stroke death has protracted a pillar in the temple of the Lord here, to be rebuilt, as we trust, with undecaying beauty in the Temple above. He was the first founder of the first Presbyterian church erected in the City of Washington, and for many years the oldest of the Elders of that Society. But no more shall his hand pass the bread and the cup in the sanctuary. He has rested from his labors, and his works do follow him. The last scene was indeed in solemn harmony with the "Elder's death bed." There was no bursting enthusiasm--no bounding exultation of the happy spirit--no convulsion either of body or soul, but all was calm, even, and serene, in holy accordance with the equal tenor of his life. His bright hazel eye was undimmed by the shadows of death, as they overspread his pallid brow. A few moments before his departure, a brother asked him if the Lord Jesus was now precious to his soul. "As an anchor to the soul both sure and steadfast," he triumphantly replied. When unable to speak except in broken words, he was again asked if his faith was strong? With all the emphasis of the most unshaken confidence in the mighty Redeemer, he exclaimed, "Very, oh very!" With the setting sun, in a clear and cloudless sky, his spirit serenely departed, in other worlds to renew

its strength and run its course, unaffected by the changes of time, or the frailties of mortality--without a cloud, and without a blot--glorious and triumphant forever--"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

(Note: The government clerk who pressed charges against Anne Royall.)